

LOUD CHEERS FOR YALE.

MERRY DINNER OF HER ALUMNI.

ADDRESSES BY MR. DEPEW, ISAAC H. BROMLEY,

GENERAL SHERMAN, JAMES W. ALEX-

ANDER AND OTHERS.

When Macaulay's New-Zealand—you have heard of him—shall have pondered the fate of London on the ruins of its bridge he will repair to America, and, having served his time in the dime museum which will undoubtedly claim his attractive offices, will write a "Looking-Backward" book, in which he will probably say: "When the progressive African pigmy sits on the ruins of the Yale fence," etc. He will then be immediately expelled from the country, because every citizen will be a graduate of Yale and will resent with the liveliest indignation any insinuation that the ancient university and all its traditions and traditional belongings, including the fence, will not last forever. American scholars in the New-Zealand's day may have forgotten Euclid, and may be wrangling as to whether the exact site of the original polis asitum is in the crumbling British metropolis or on the East River, but they will thank their alma mater for her pioneer work in the nineteenth century, which will have by steady evolution produced a race tremendous on the football field, unequalled in the art, and at the same time magnificently equipped for wrestling with the titanic abstruse problems that will confront mankind.

This may sound like exaggeration; but as a matter of fact, Yale claims everything nowadays, especially at the annual dinners of her alumni, and a good deal of what she claims is hers, and the rest of her claims—those that may be disputed by sister universities—may be accorded to her if she only sticks to them and works up to them in the future. At present she has much to be proud of in scholarship, much to be proud of in athletics, and she has Chauncey M. Depew, who presides at the reunion of her alumni in New-York, which last night filled Delmonico's big dining-room with men who yelled the Yale yell, shouted for the Yale blue, and sang the songs of Yale.

With special vigor they sang the ditty which foreshadows the handing down of Yale glories from generation unto generation. "Capio lumen!" And if it is a boy, sir,

I'll put him on the crew,

And he shall wax the Harvard's

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You must not bear them better than the common run of folks.

But aren't they getting weary of these old and threadbare jokes?

Answered Baachus as he reached and took a bottle from the shelf.

"Work to tell the truth, my Jupiter, I'm getting tired myself."

"You too, my bully Vulcan, have been sometimes in the reach."

Of the dinner-table orator and after-dinner speech.

Tell us, my fine old blacksmith, does it give you great delight?

To hear the speakers spouting while the guests are getting tired?

Do the orators and speakers bring you something fresh and new?

Speak out, my horny-handed, let us hear a word from you."

But old Vulcan, shoving Persius, still held the horse's head.

And dry, defined an answer, but just grunted "Assespoiled."

Turning then where John L. Hercules stood leaning on his club.

Heavy weight among the athletes and champion of the Hub.

Father Jupiter said: "Hercules, you're well known as a sportsman."

You've attended public dinners too, though that is not your forte.

Tell me which of all your labors can in your mind compare.

With encountering the speaker on the usual ball of fate?"

Up, said Hercules, responsive, "when that duffer takes the floor."

I think of Erymanthus and my tussle with the boar."

"Enough," cried Father Jupiter, "these degenerate sons of men."

Have lost all versatility with either tongue or pen.

Bring me honey of Hyacinth, bring me stores of Atille said.

We will make an end of commonplace, to duress call a Elysian field.

Though my altars are deserted and the world no more shall see."

Eager multitudes at Delhi or Dodona's speaking tree.

Yet a trick or two is left to me, and I think I soon can teach.

These devotees of encores how to make a dinner speech."

Then broke out Oceanus, Mars, Poseidon and the rest.

Crying, "but not your dearest power to a speech or test."

There is nothing new remaining to be said.

Demosthenes and Cicero and all that came a-cree'd.

And the men who did the talking on departure of the ladies."

Have now for several hundred years been doing time in these days.

But the voice of Father Jupiter went thundering through the hall.

"I will show you soon an orator who is bound to beat them all."

Then to nimble-footed Mercury, who stood waiting near the door.

Disguised as District Messenger, six hundred eighty-four.

Sped Mercury on his errand, hunting through the realms of space.

For the coming dinner speaker who should not talk commonplace."

Not long a search, for Mercury, by Jove divinely sent.

Found there a dimpled baby, in his cradle calm and still.

A wise, precocious infant, who seemed just to fill the bill.

Then hurrying back to Jupiter, at once addressed him thus.

"May please your Royal Highness, I think I've found the man."

To which great Jove, with dignity impressively replied.

"Too late, too late, my Mercury, you know 'twould ill become."

Our prestige on Olympus if by any said mistake."

You've missed the coming orator and struck a Peckskill fiasco."

Tell me, I pray you, frankly, by what distinguished sign."

Then answered nimble Mercury, with a giggle and a grin.

"Oh, I know him in a minute by the looseness of his chin."

"All right," said Father Jupiter, "you fill my soul with joy."

Call all the gods and goddesses, we'll go and see the boy."

So the Green-Robed, from regions far removed.

Got out Peckskill landing from the Friday evening train.

There was Neptune with his trident, Apollo with his bow.

John L. Hercules and Jupiter, the whole Olympian host.

And they marched to where young Mercury, with modest sure and true.

Had found the coming orator, young Chauncey M. Depew."

Then cried Jupiter in ecstasy, "We've found the coming man."

He will make an end of duress, if anybody can."

To sweeten up his eloquence, let him early learn to slip."

This honey of Hyacinth which I lay upon his lip.

It will duly his utterance and keep his voice in tone."

While Jupiter was talking, the baby hit the radio.

So, when he awoke, he found the baby in his arms.

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